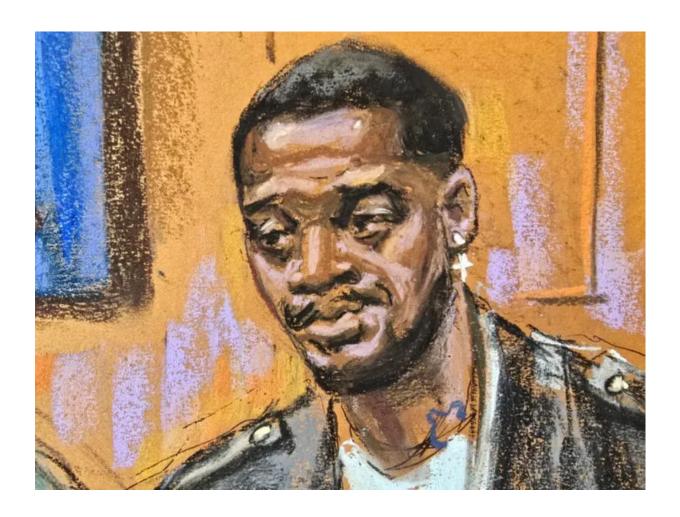
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Dear Permission to be Powerful Reader, Kid Cudi arrives at federal court...



Dear Permission to be Powerful Reader,

Kid Cudi arrives at federal court in Manhattan on May 22, 2025, ahead of his testimony in Sean "Diddy" Combs's trial.

He wore a black leather jacket, white T-shirt, and blue jeans — surprisingly casual for court. 1

Cudi:

Yeah, I remember that night like it was yesterday. Cassie called me —

middle of December, way past midnight. She was freaked out. Voice shaking. Told me Diddy found out about us.

She kept repeating:

"I don't know what he's gonna do... I don't know what he's gonna do."

Then she says — she gave him my address.

Said it slipped out in the middle of a fight.

Man...

I didn't even think. I threw on clothes, got in my car, picked her up. We dipped to the Sunset Marquis. Tried to lay low.

Not long after — my phone rings again. It's Capricorn Clark, Diddy's assistant. She's in tears. Says:

"He made me get in the car. We're at your house. He's looking for you."

Prosecutor:

What did you do?

Cudi:

Left Cassie at the hotel. Heart racing, drove straight home. Called him on the way.

He picked up. I yelled:

"Motherf*er, are you in my house?"**

Defense:

Objection, Your Honor!

Judge Subramanian:

Overruled. Jury may consider it as context. Proceed.

Cudi:

He didn't deny it. Didn't apologize. Just calmly said:

"I just want to talk to you."

When I got home, the place was wrecked. Christmas gifts torn open. My dog — locked in the bathroom, shaking. Cameras twisted. He'd been there. No doubt.

A few weeks later, my dogsitter calls:

"Your car is on fire."

I rushed back. My Porsche 911 was torched. Interior melted. Roof blown open. And on the passenger seat? A burned bottle with a rag in it. A Molotov cocktail.

Prosecutor:

Did you report it?

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Yeah. Cops came. Took photos. But nothing came of it. No arrests. No leads. But I *knew*.

Prosecutor:

Did Mr. Combs ever mention the car?

Cudi:

Yeah. We met at Soho House a few days later. He stood there like some Marvel supervillain. Offered me water twice — weirdly polite.

Said:

"We were homies. You knew that was my girl."

I told him:

"She said you were done. I took her word for it."

Then I asked:

"What are we gonna do about my car?"

He stared at me and said:

"I don't know what you're talking about."

Cold as ice.

Defense:

So you're suggesting my client — without evidence — committed arson?

Cudi:

I'm saying what happened. What I lived. What I *felt*.

Prosecutor:

Did he ever apologize?

Cudi:

Yeah. Later, he saw me again. Said:

"I want to apologize for everything."

It caught me off guard. And yeah — maybe it gave me some peace.

But peace didn't bring my dog back to normal. Didn't fix the fear. Didn't bring back the car.

Until next time,





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